

S

AIRS (DANSE ET CHANT) (XVIIe S.)



PIERSON




2.351



Sarabandes
Branles
Courantes
Tricotets
gavottes
Bergamasques

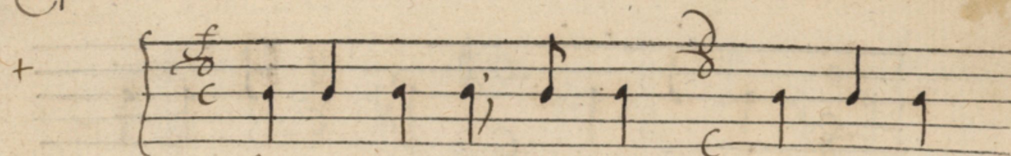
Sarabande

Dites moi belle je vous prie, dou provient vostre res- ue - ri - e

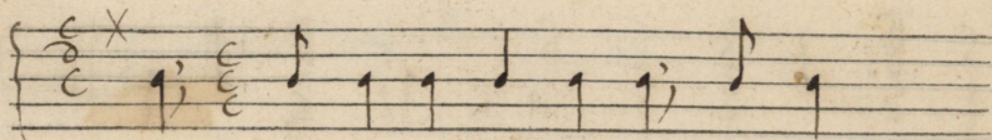
Passacalle

marques des batteries doubles

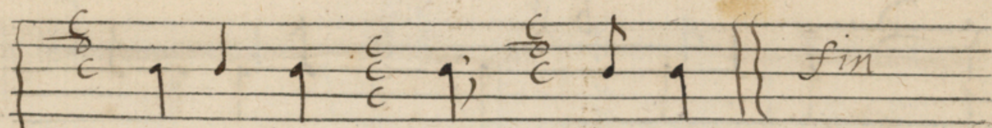
Reprise



Il paroist a vos— tre vi=



Sa — ge que vous cy — ty



plus fou que sa — ge.

Boenyiene Sarabande

1 2

La Sylvie Sarabande

Belle Syl— ui — e rends

moi la vi— e:

C'est ta beau— té qui m'a l'ame

ra— ui— e.

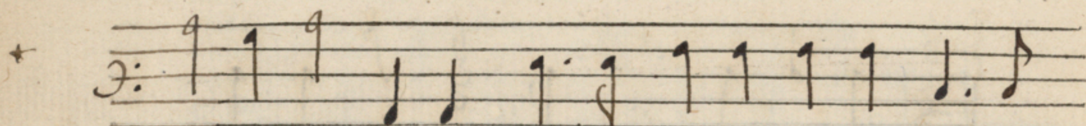
La Sylvie à pinor

belle Sylvie

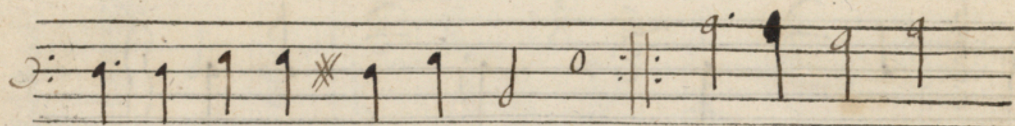
111

Reprise

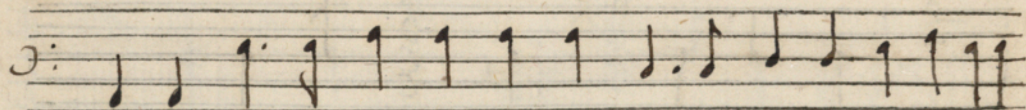
Si tu quitis ces lieux ie
te veux sui— ure.
Esloigne de tes yeux
Je ne puis vi— ure.



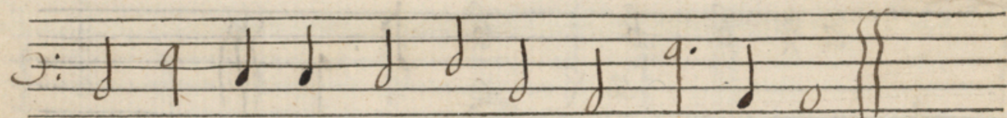
Il est vrai ie sçai qu'en aimant on souffre incessam=



ment qu'on est tousjours en peine, mais ma raison

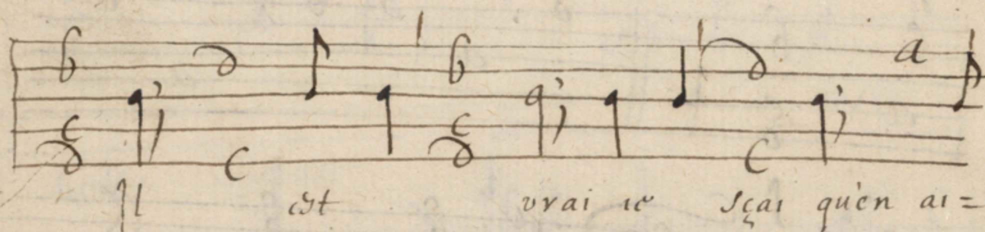


a beau discourir il faut mourir blessé des yeux de Philis=

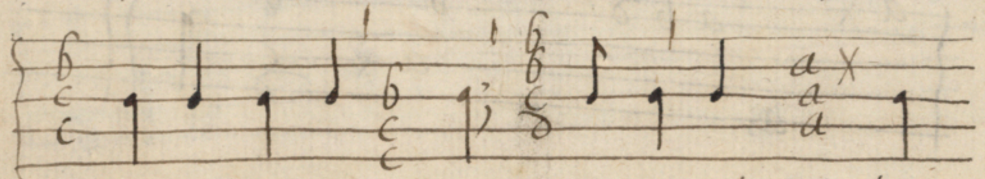


mene, ie seroie bien fasché d'en guerir

T. 2e



Il est vrai ie sçai qu'en ai=



mant on souffre incessamment qu'on est tous=

tous- jours en pei — ne

mais ma rai — son a beau discourir il

faut mou — rir blessé des yeux de Phi =

lis — me — ne ie seroie bien

fas — ché d'en guerir.

2.
Je scai bien que sa cruauté, egale a sa beauté, fait qu'elle est inhumaine. mais ma raison.

3
Sa rigueur me met au tombeau, mais quoi? rien de plus beau ne peut mostrer la vie; mais le destin de mon amitié, de la moitié, donera plus denvie: que ma mort ne fera de pitié

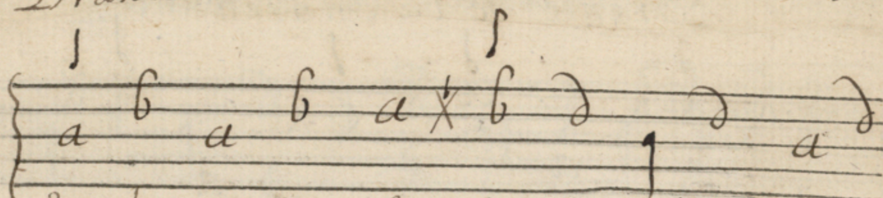
3

Sarabande.

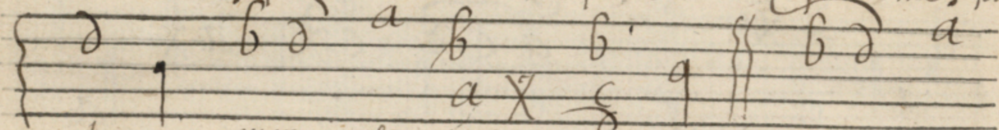
A pincer

Suitte

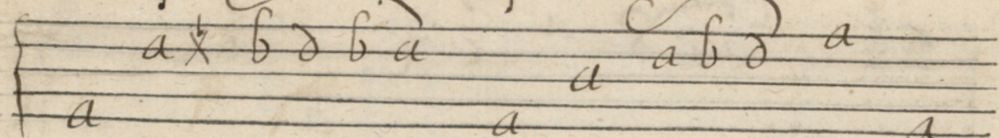
Branle du Normandie



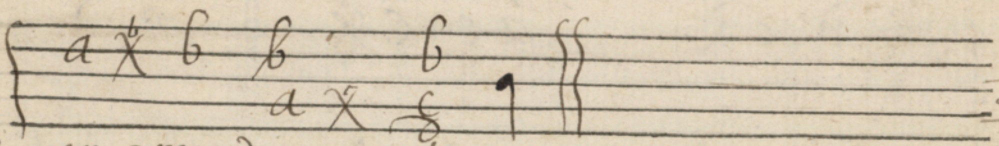
vn beau garson se pryen - tu pour cy-
de qui l'oreille pendan - tu me fait



tre mon ser- ui teur Et quand
dy=s. Cia mal au coeur



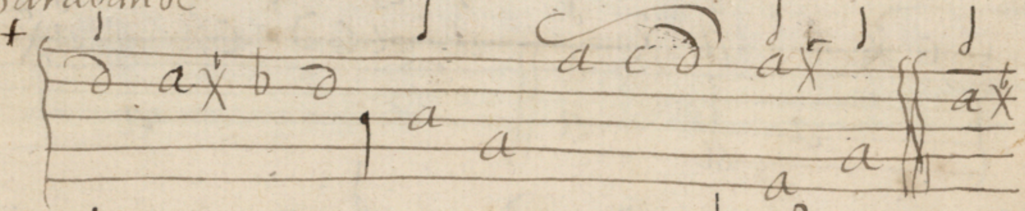
mon pe- re le vou - dra ie Scai vn

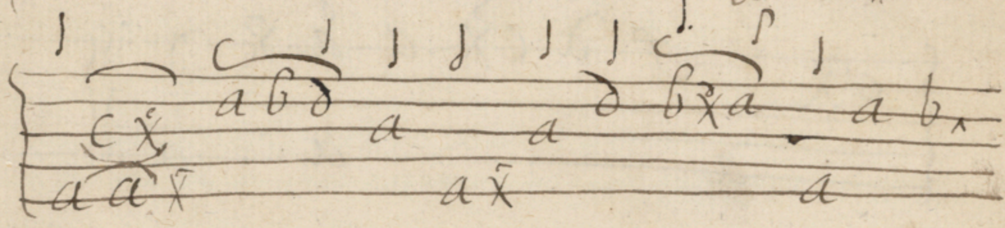


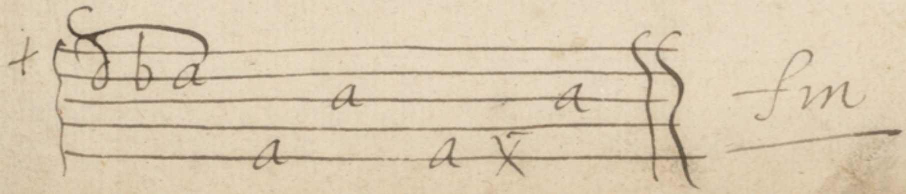
fin

vn remede a cela.

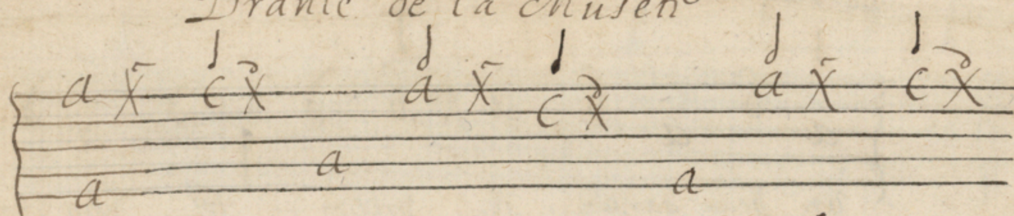
Sarabande

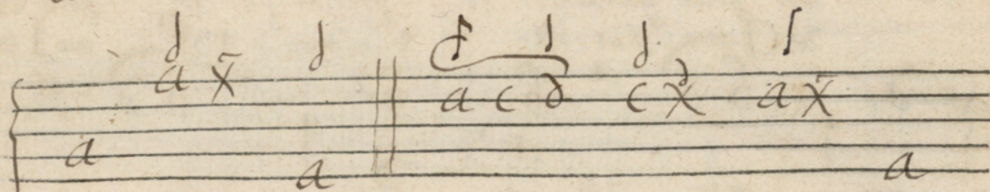


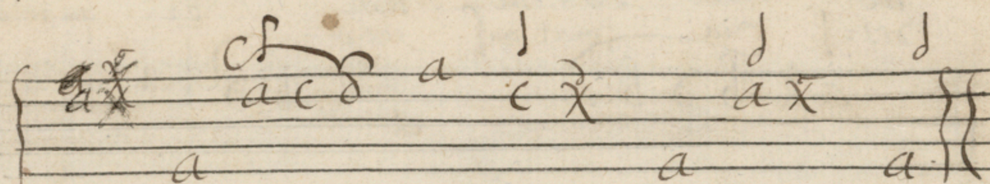




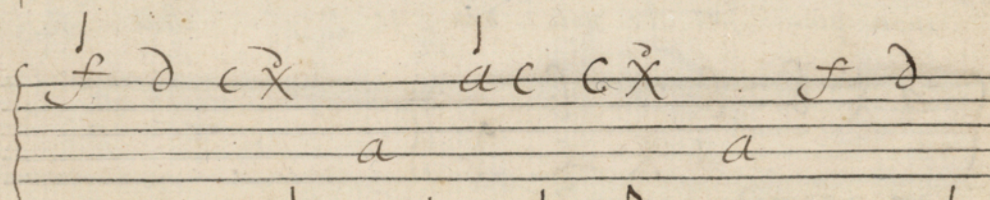
Branle de la Musette

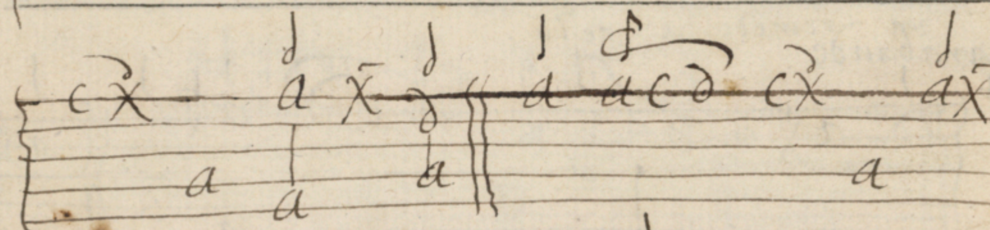


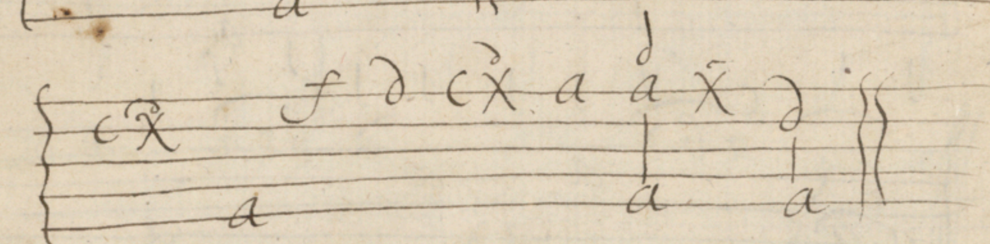




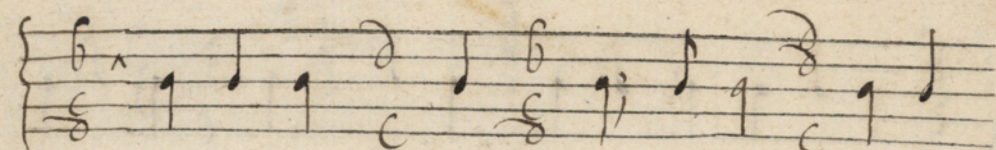
Suitte

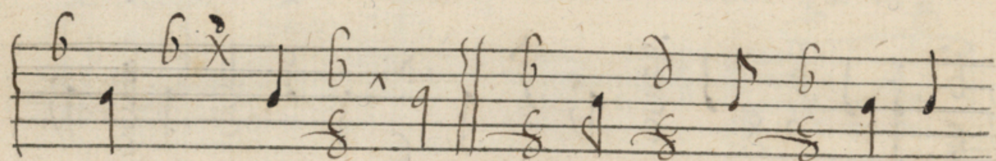


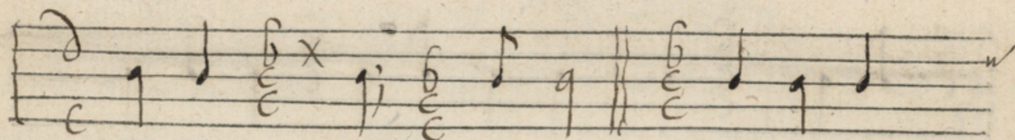


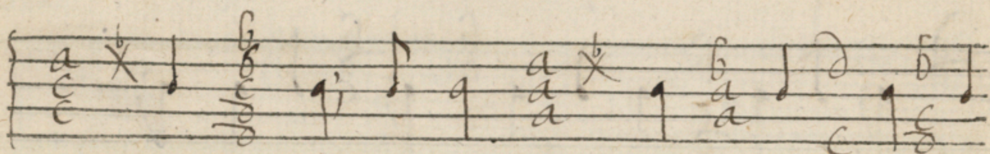


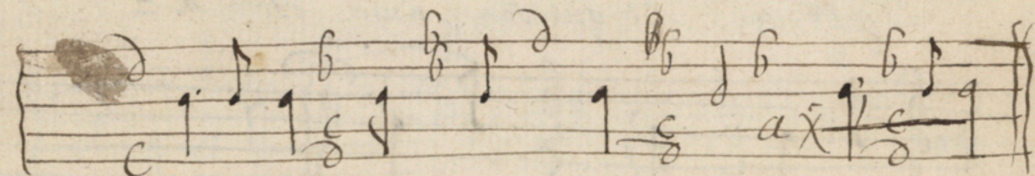
Branle de St. Nicolas



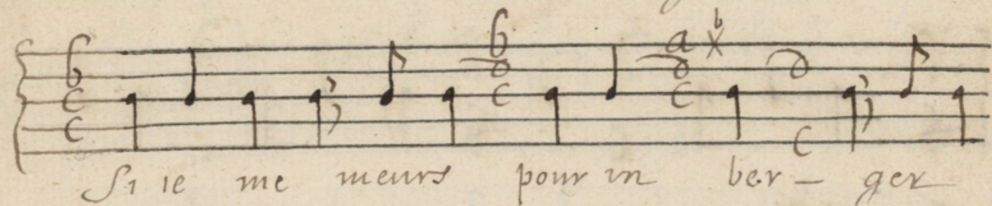


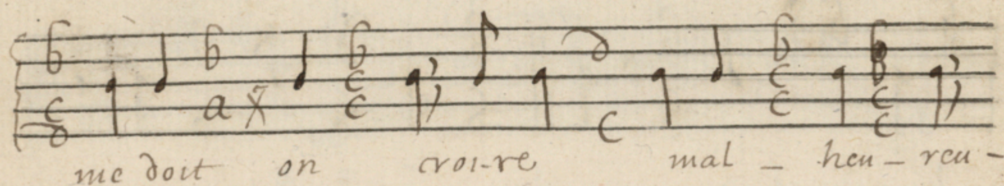




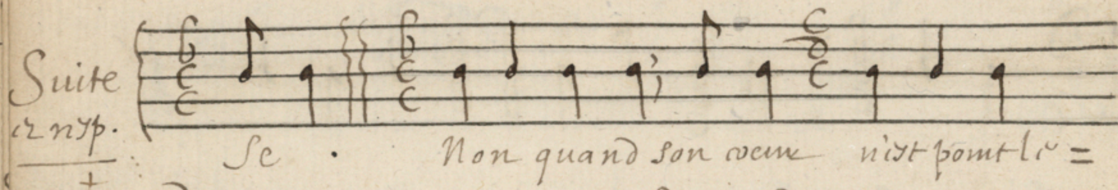


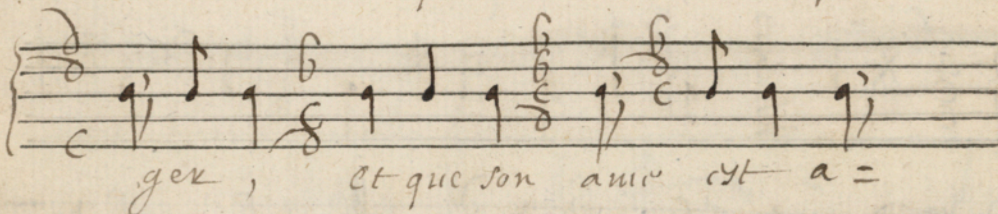
Sarabande des P. d.s   Dialogue.

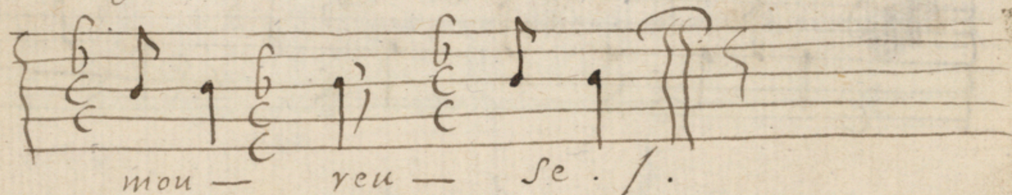


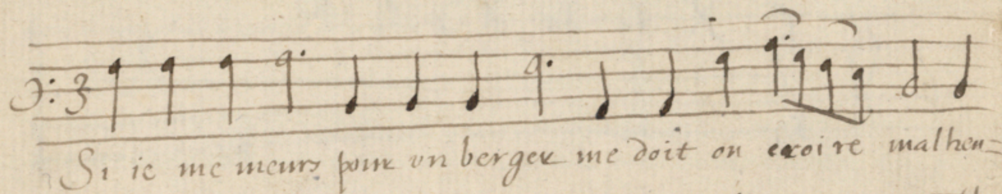


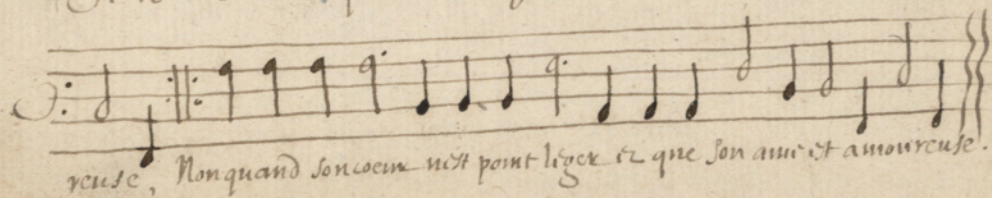
Suite



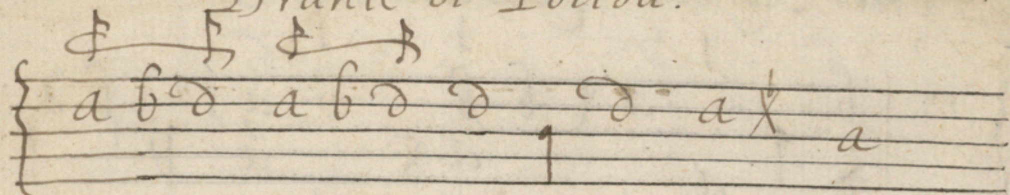


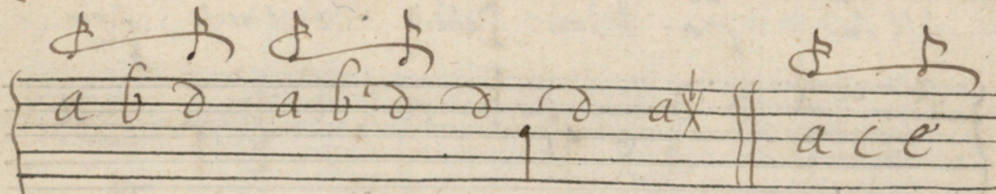


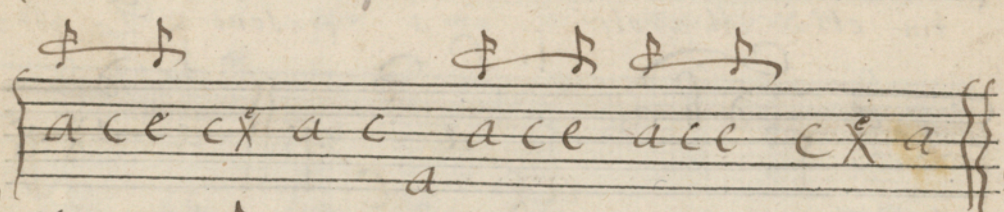




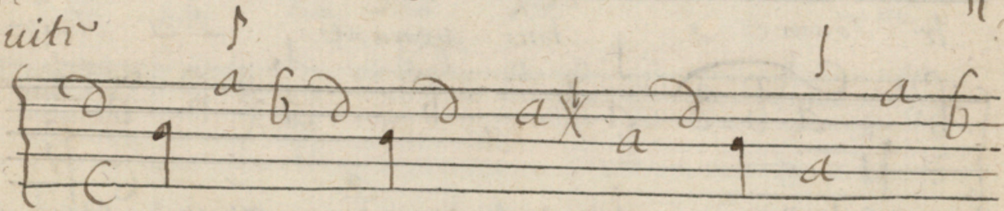
Branle du Poitou.

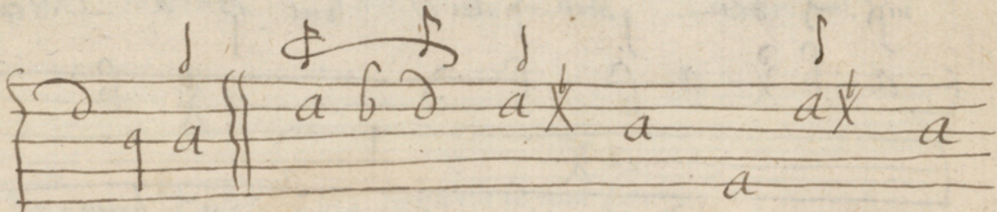


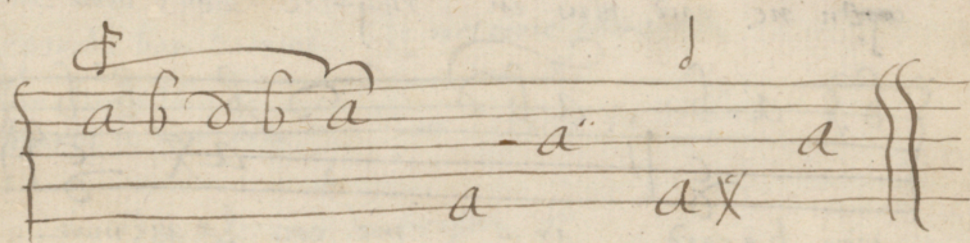




Suite

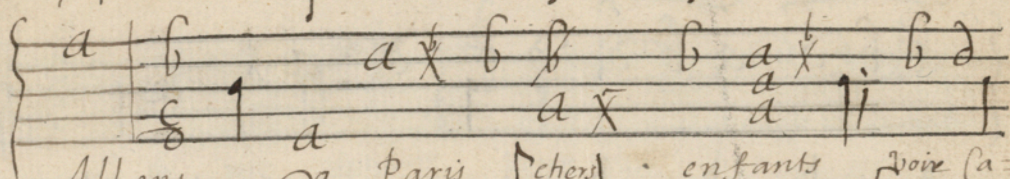


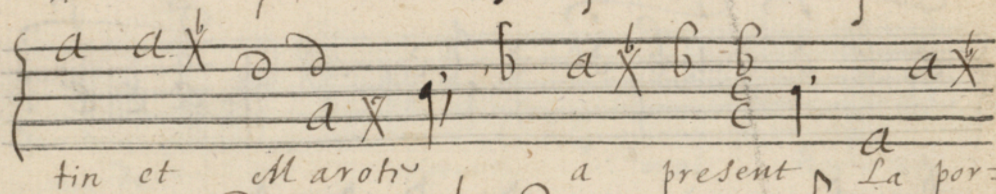


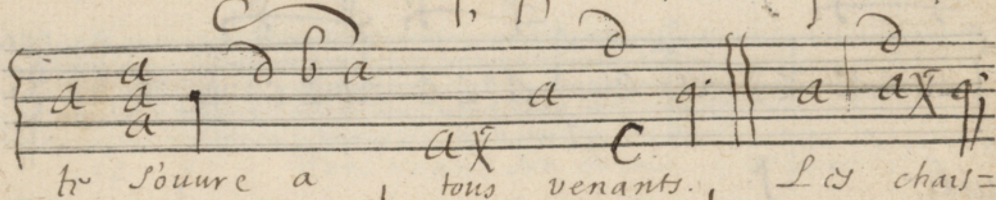


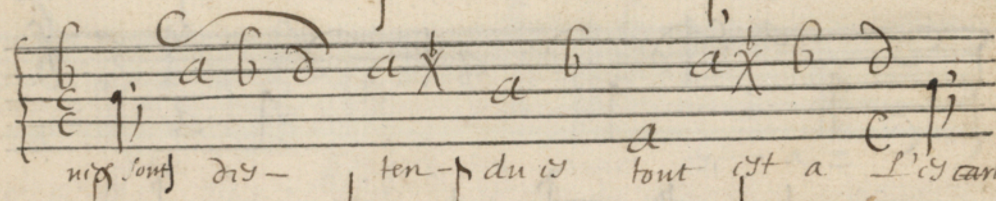


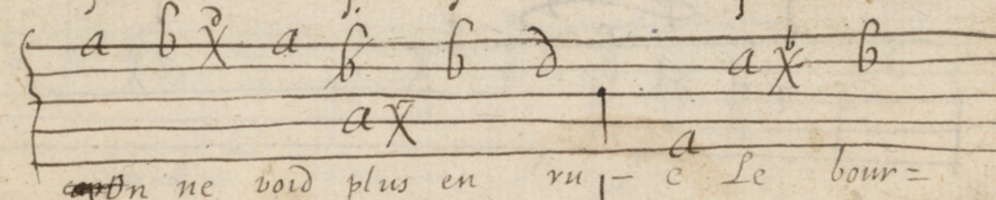
Petite Roialle Courante

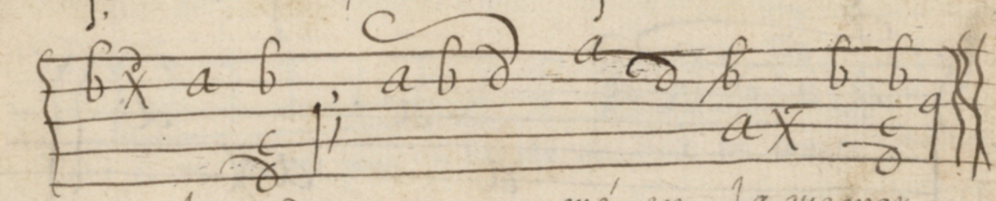












Gauotte

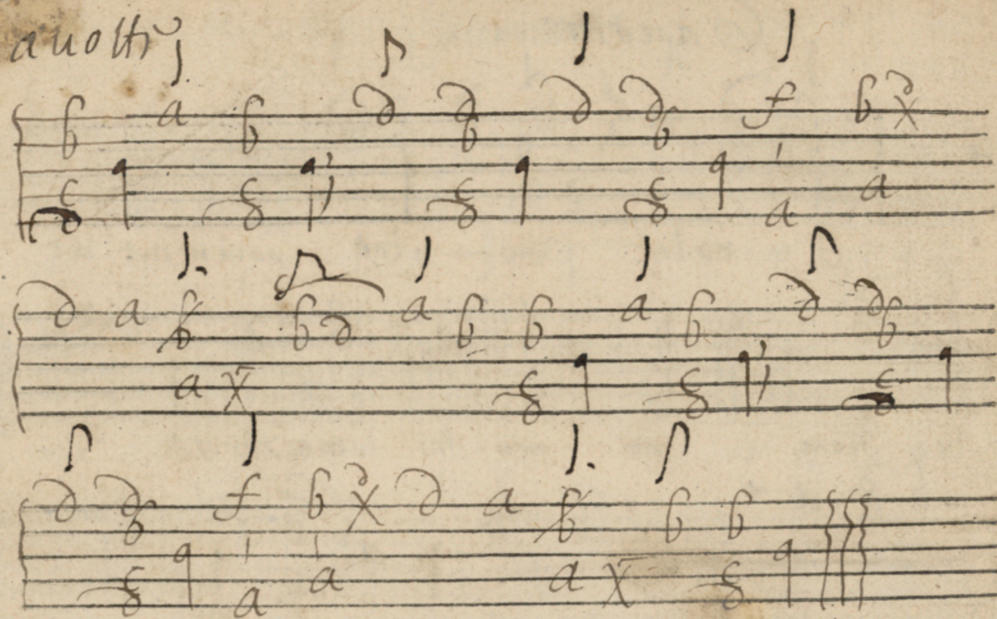
O valet va—let comment as tu nom par ma foi maistresse lan tan ture lur lure i'ai nom Jean simon lan tan ture luron.

2
J'ai nom Fourbie.. bis
aproche bon homme
lan tan &c.
fourbi le moi doux

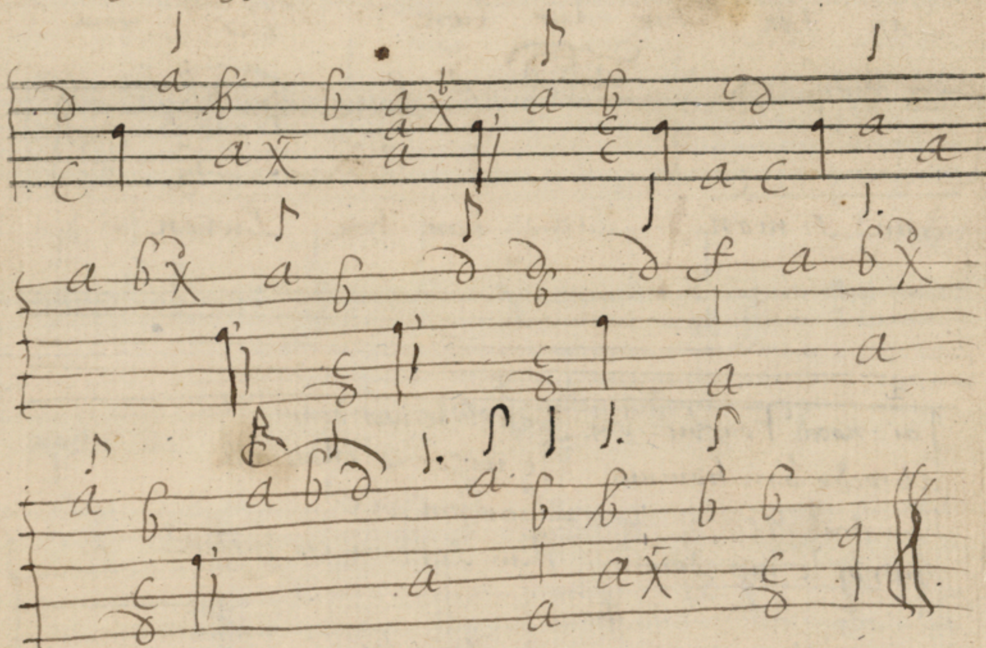
3
Fourbi le moi doux bis
Je n'oserois Maistresse
Lan tan &c.
Nous serions en prison

4
Nous serions en prison bis
brute valet brute Lan tan &c
Nous en sortirons.

Gauotte

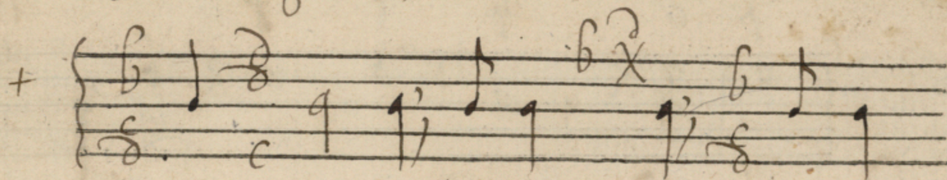


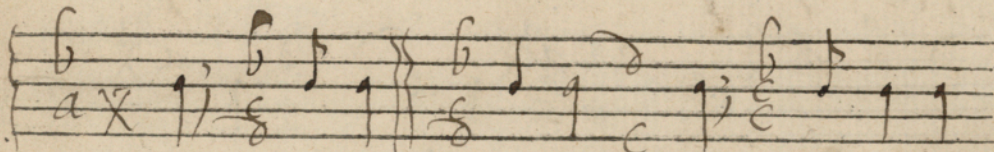
Suite

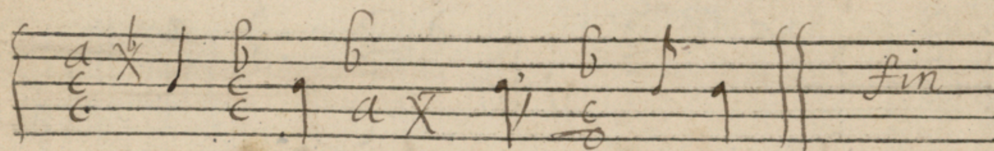


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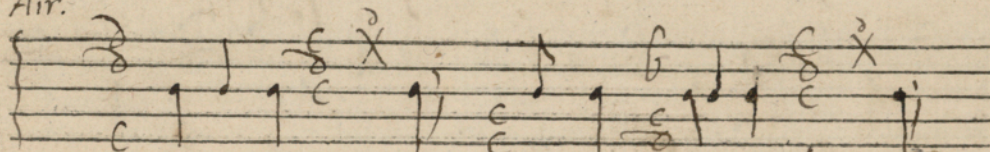
Dame françoise. Sarabande.



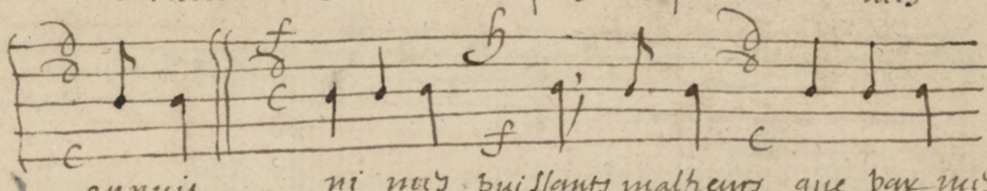


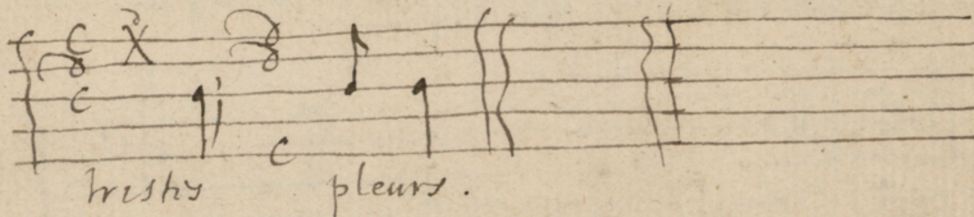


Air. Air
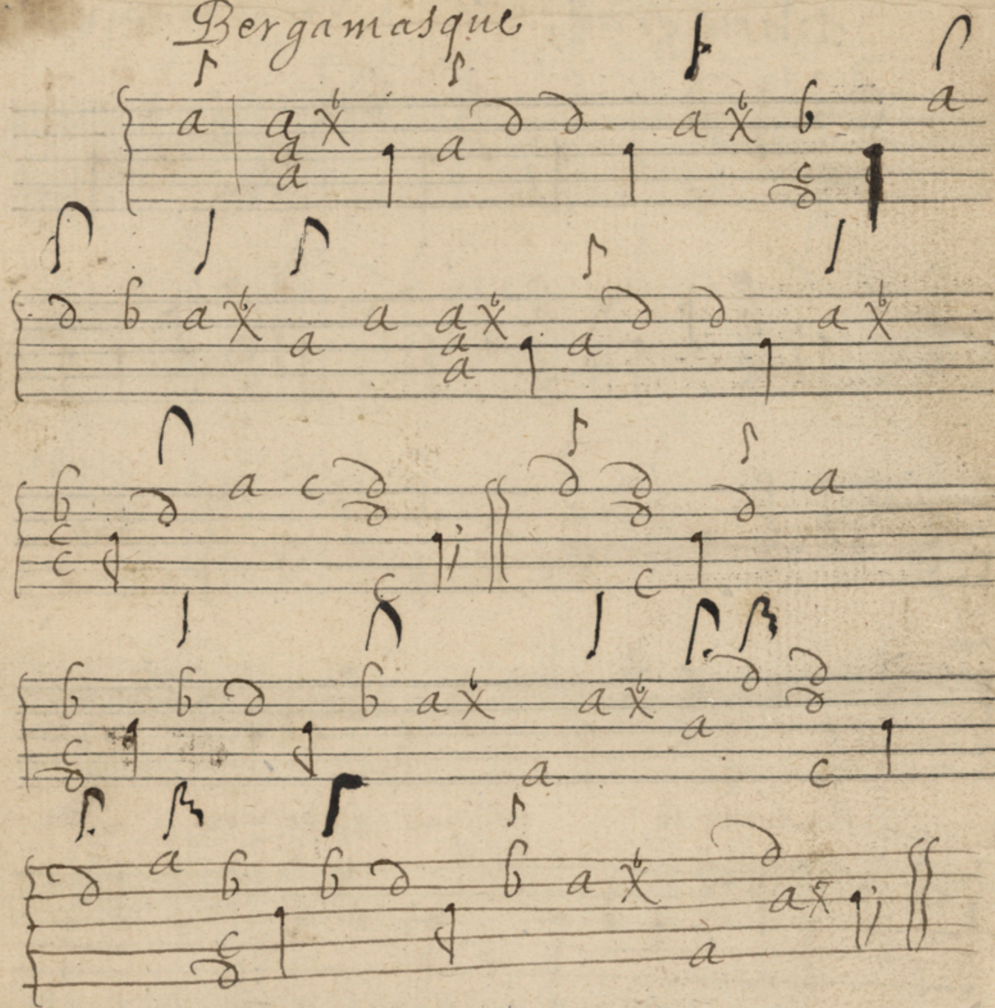


Madonte ie ne puis exprimer mes

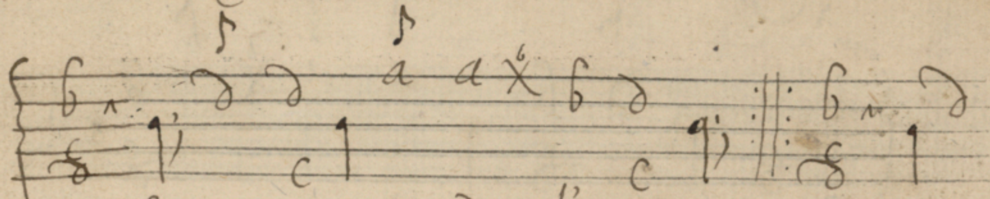




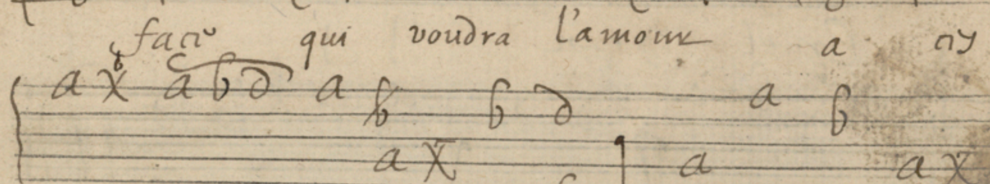
Bergamasque



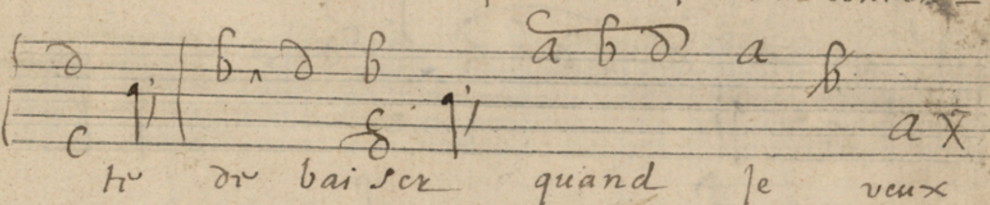
Chanson a danser



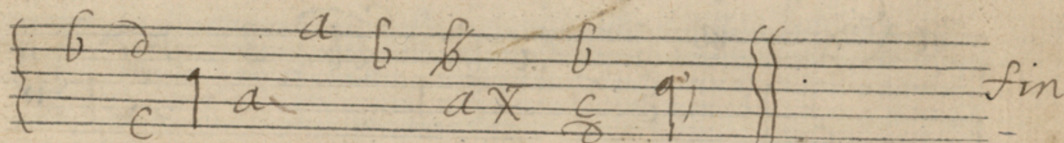
face qui voudra l'amour a ces



dames de la cour pour moi je me conten-



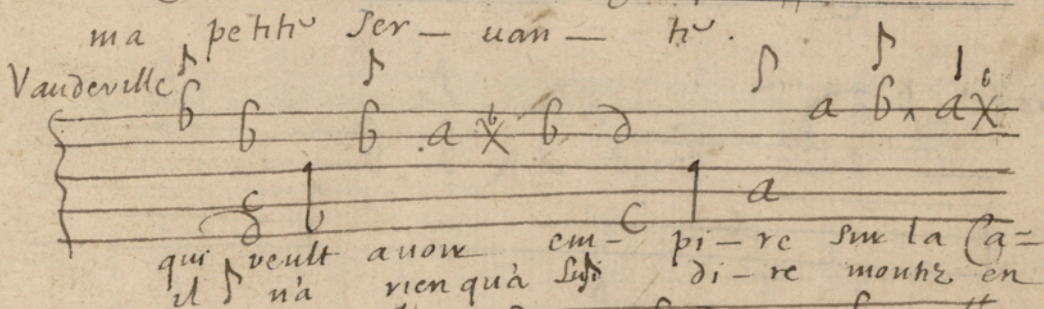
te du baiser quand je veux



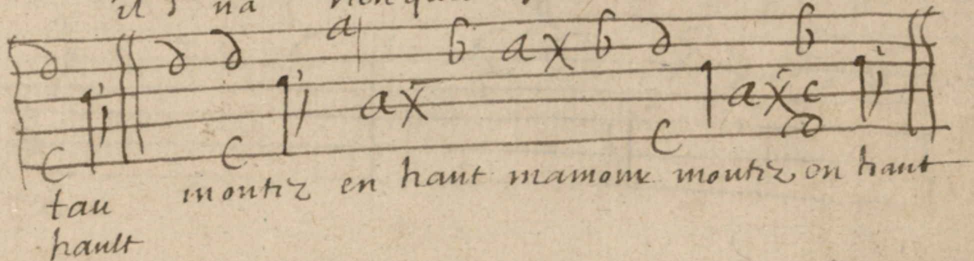
fin

ma petite ser- uan- te.

Vaudeville



qui veult avoir em- pi- re sur la Ca-
il n'a rien qu'à luy di- re montez en



tau montez en haut mamour montez en haut
hault

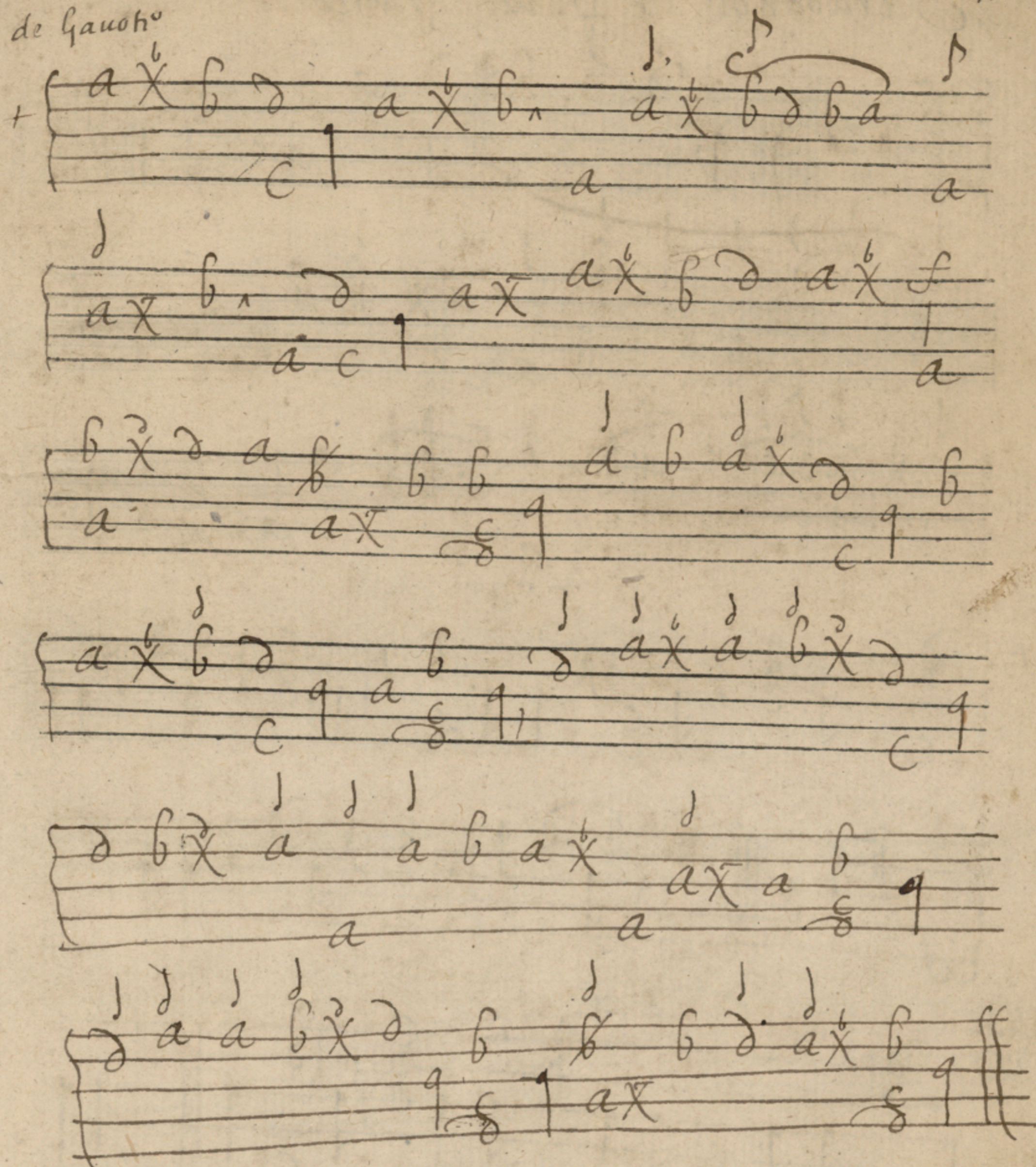
Courante

Cruel Tyran

Gauotte

Suitte

de Gautr



fin

Sarabande de Dame françoise

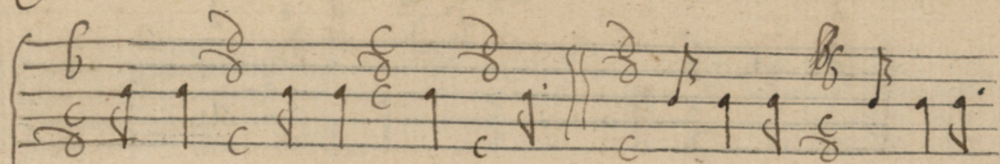
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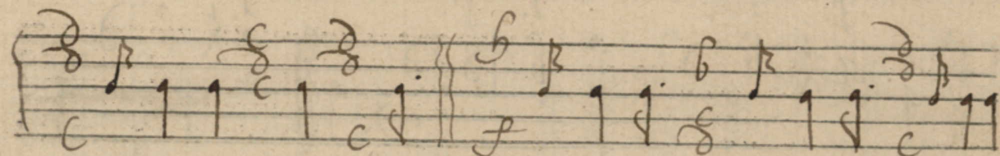
Entrée de ballet

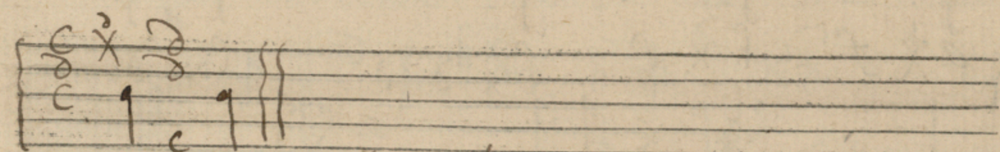
Carillon dud. ballet

Suite du

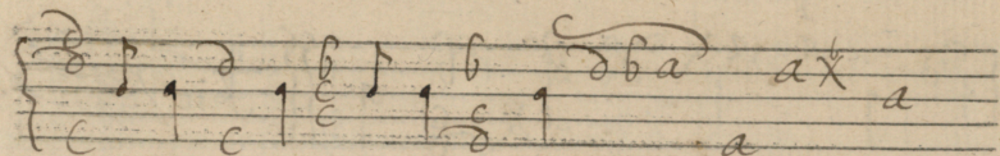
Cavillon.

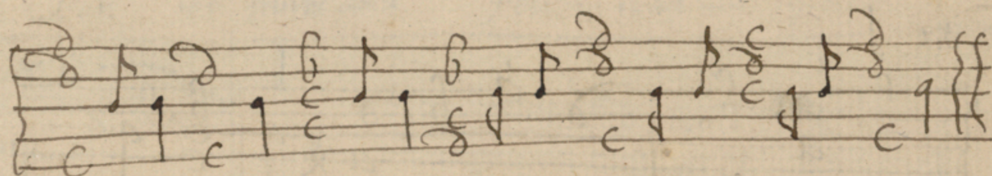


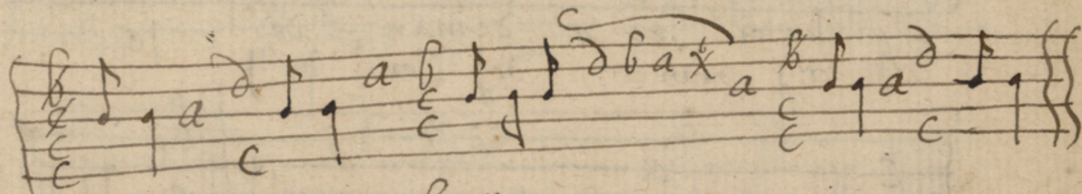




Autre ballet.







Fin

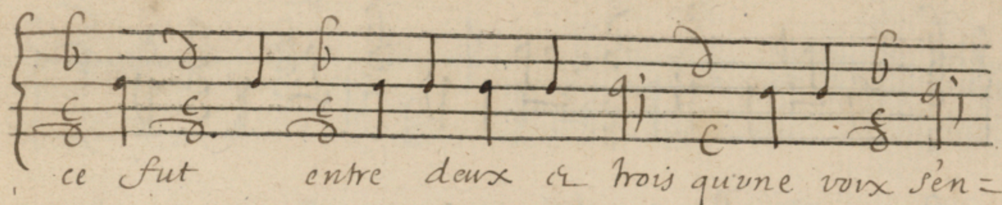
Feuillantines

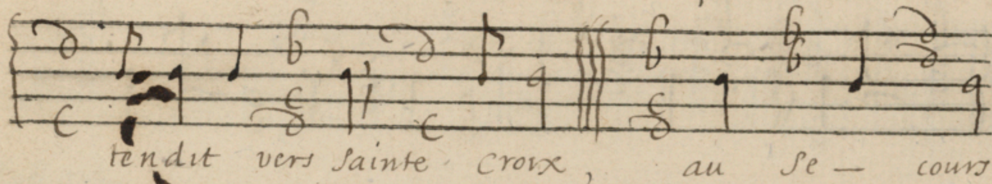
Fin.

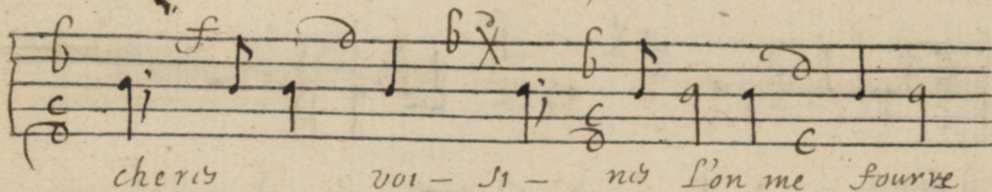
Lerida

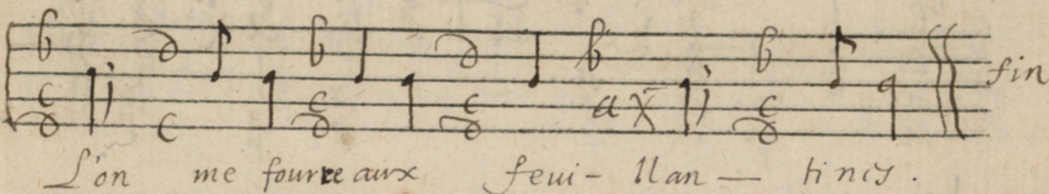
La Victoi re a deman- dé
c'est au prin ce de Con- dé le
Le pre- nois pour son pere Le—

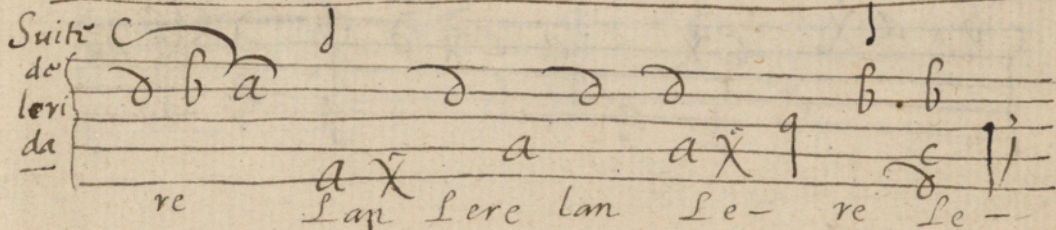
Autres feuillantines.

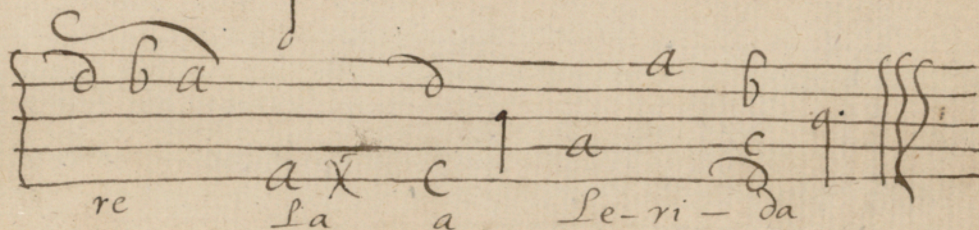




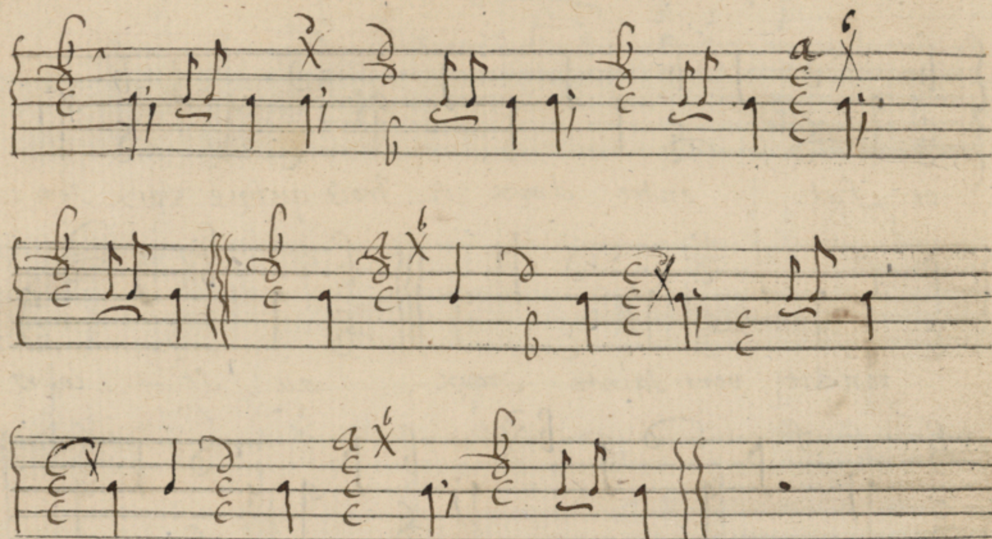




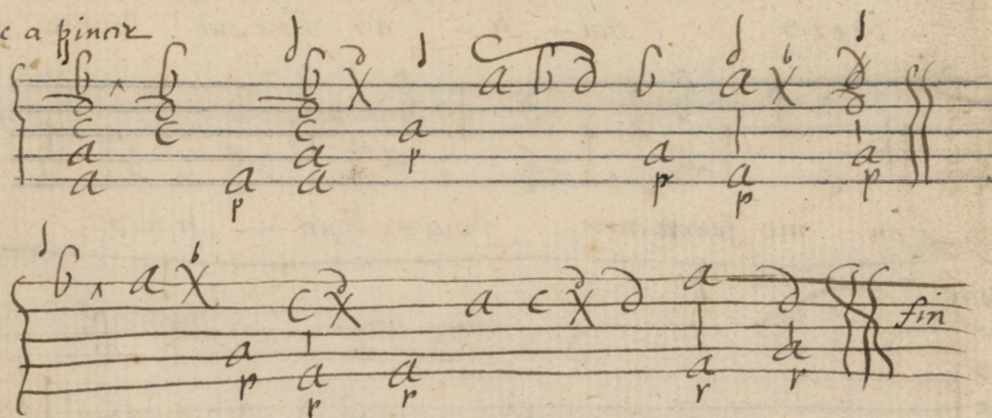


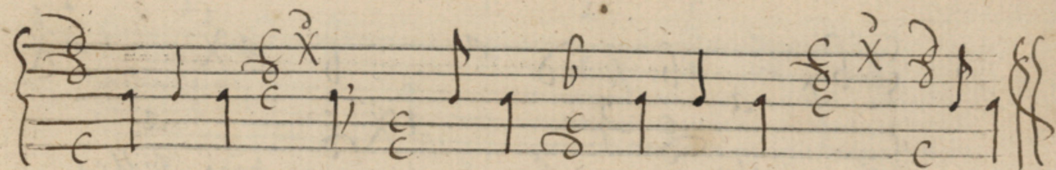


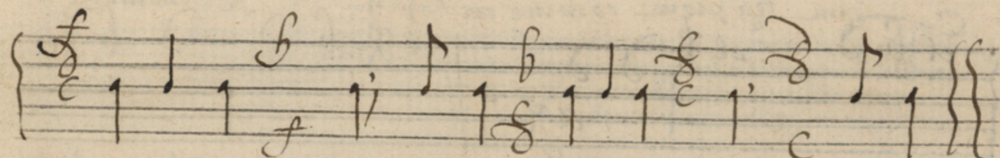
Reueuse.



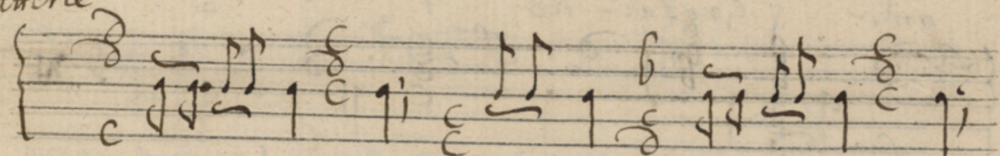
La mesme a pincer

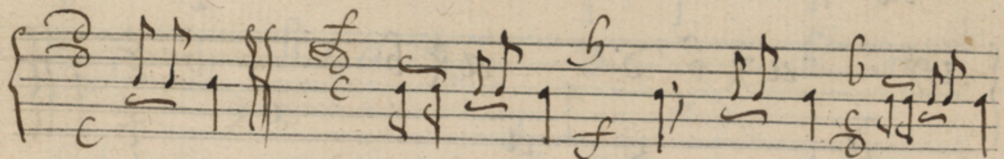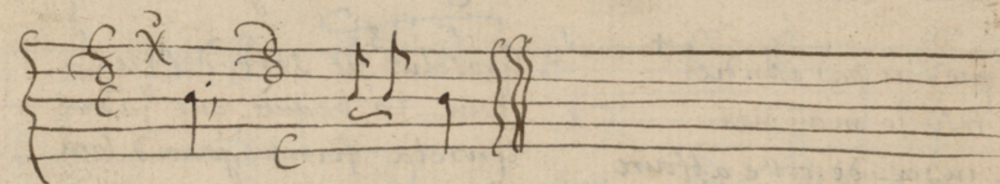






Batterie







Chanson à danser

Sous nostre orme le matin trois filles
pour sçavoir comme en latin se nomoit
ont pris querelle pour tesmoing l'on m'appe=
une groseille
la Janeton dit Gro-se-la Grose=
lus dit Madelon et Catau dit grose-lum.

2
Moi qui n'ai pas estudié +
2. aussi tost je mandiai
+1 pour juger de cette affaire
le secours de ma Grammaire
pour tesmoing l'on m'appella
Janeton dit [illegible]

3
Groselus ne sert de rien
pour la beauté que j'adore
Grosela feroit grand bien
Groselon vaut mieux encore
Alors un chacun parla
qu'on laisseroit Grosela
Que Groselus n'est pas bon
Et qu'on prendroit Groselon.

Chanson à danser

Robin est dhumeur gentil-le
il a bon es-prit il chante ou
rit rit quand il est prés d'v-ne
Fil-le, et sans estre au mois de Mai
Robin veult plan-ter le Mai.

2
Il scait la cajollerie & les compliments
quelquefois il ment mais ce n'est que drollerie, & sans estre &c.

3
Son maistresse ou servante il n'importe pas
Il met tout a bas de la moindre il se contente & sans &c

4
Un jour trouva Guillemette gardant ses moutons
Il lui prit ses tetons, & la jetta sur l'herbette
Et sans estre au mois de Mai Robin lui planta le Mai.

Air a Pinser

Il est vrai ie scai quen aimant

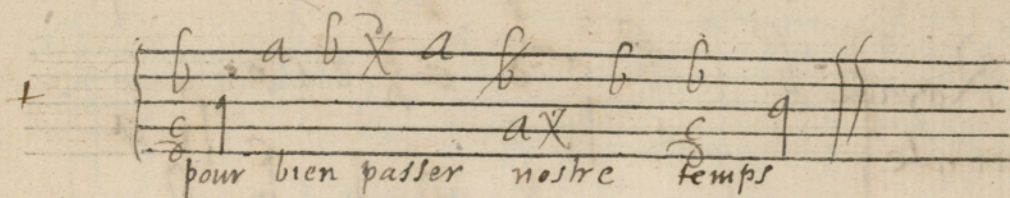
On souffre incessament quon est tousjours

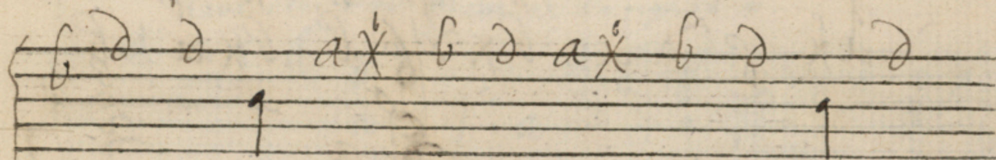
en pei- ne mais ma rai- son a beau

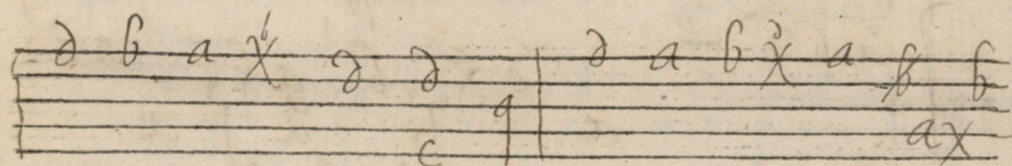
discou-rir il faut mou- rir blessé des

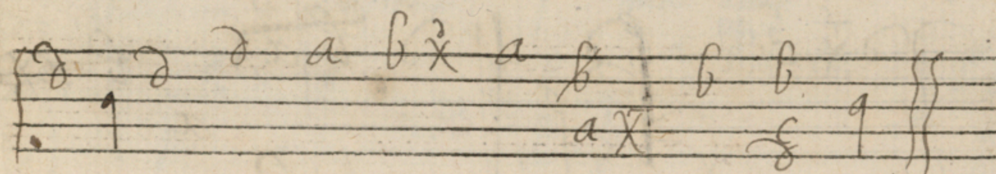
yeux de Phi- lis- me- ne ie seroie

-roie bien fas- ché d'en guerir.


pour bien passer nostre temps







La Royalle
Couvrante

nentendes Vous point ce langage

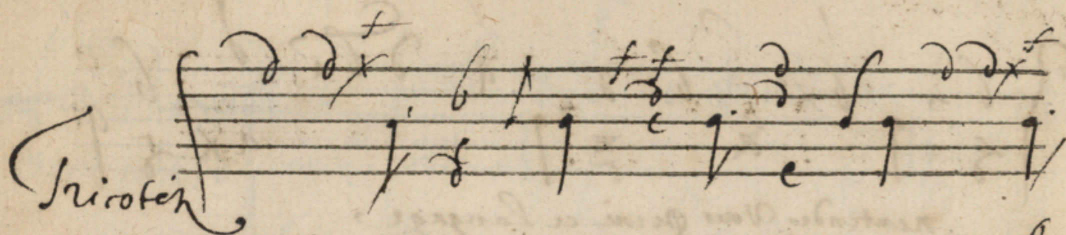
qui dont Philis faut il mettre en vsage

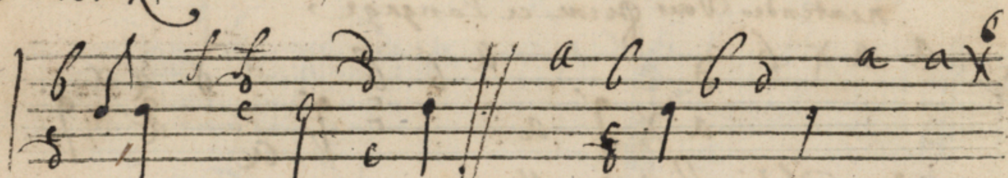
le dirons a la voix mon cœur

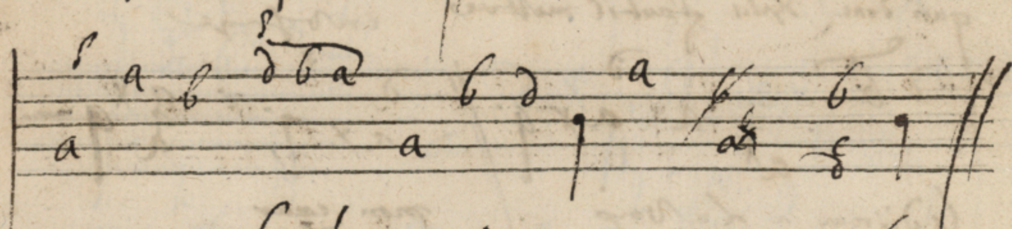
a deuant vous souspire milles fois

nentendz Vous point ce langage

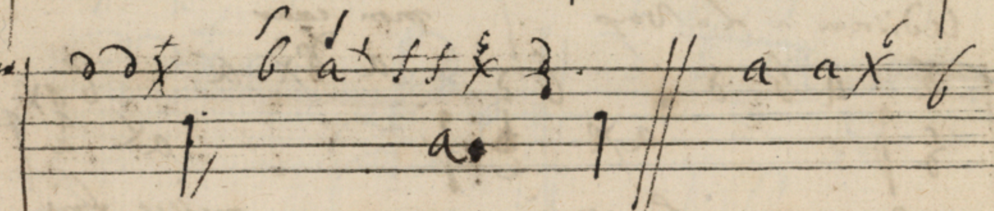
Tricotez

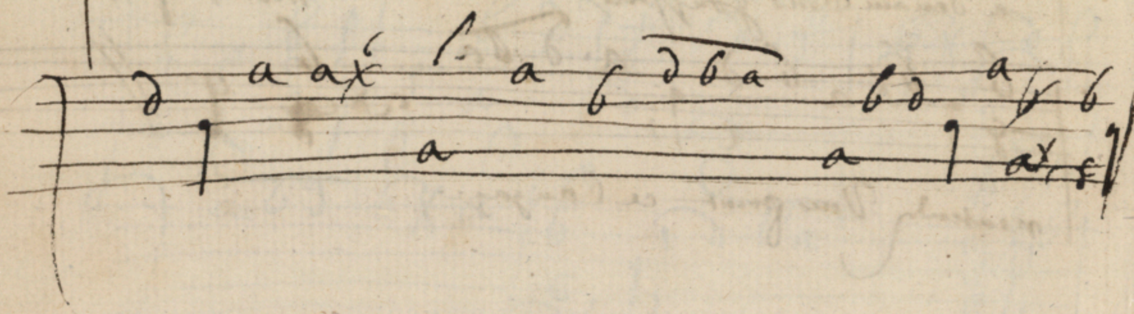




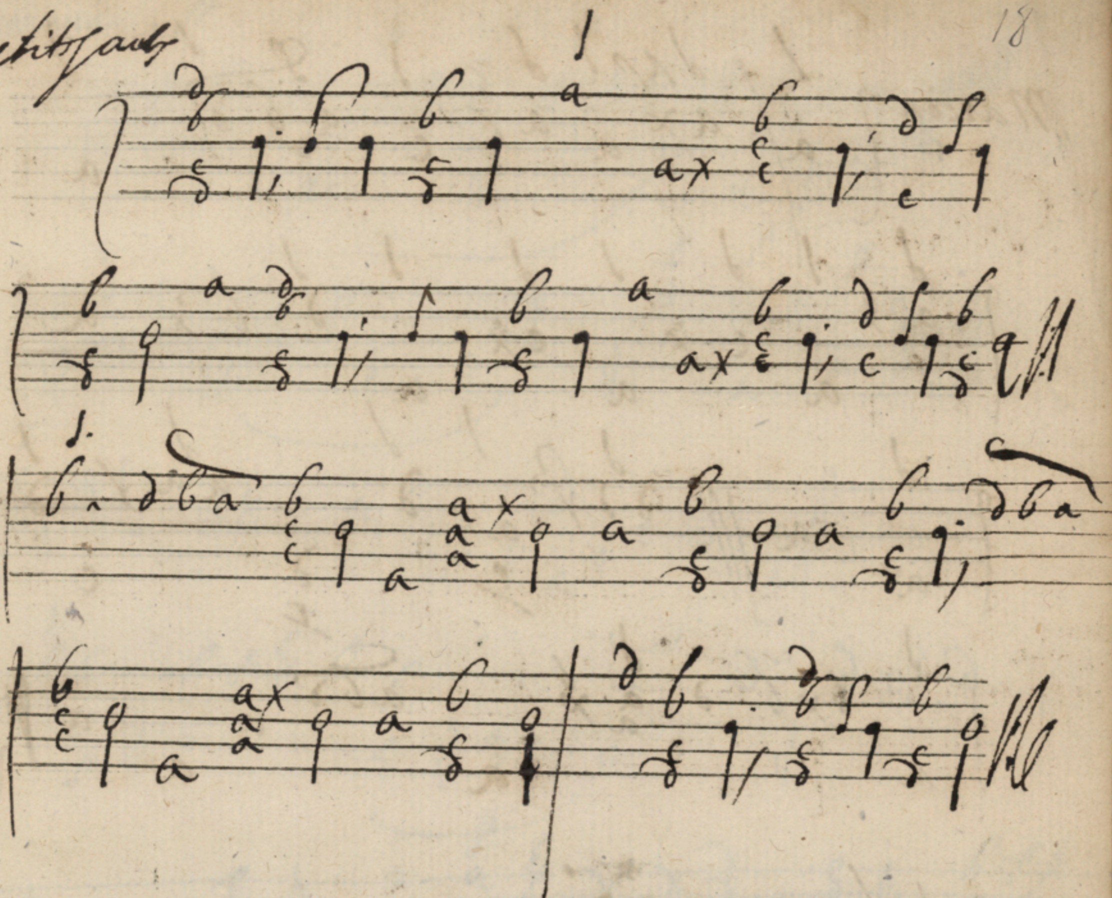


autre apres



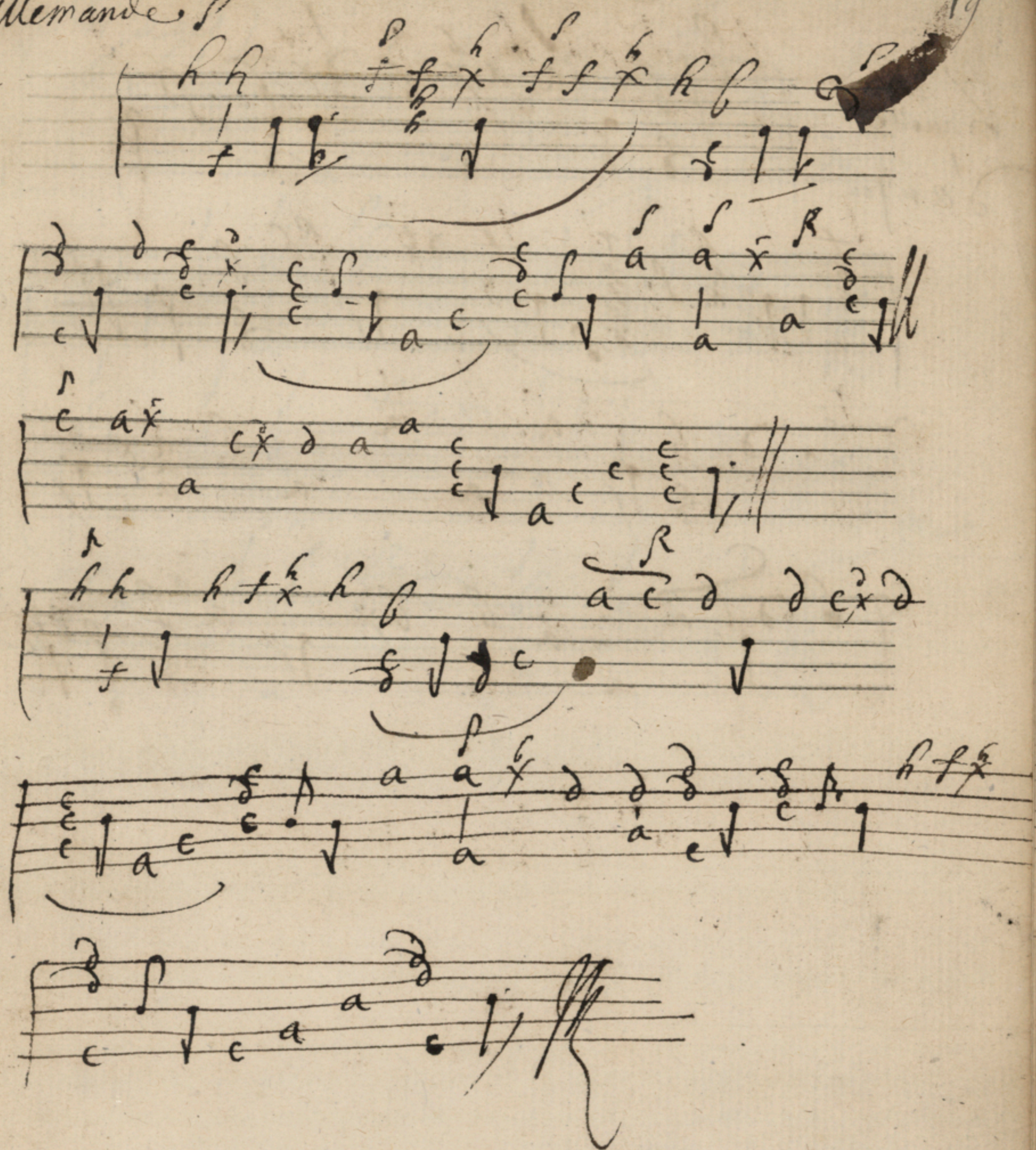


Petits sauts



Marcion

Allemande

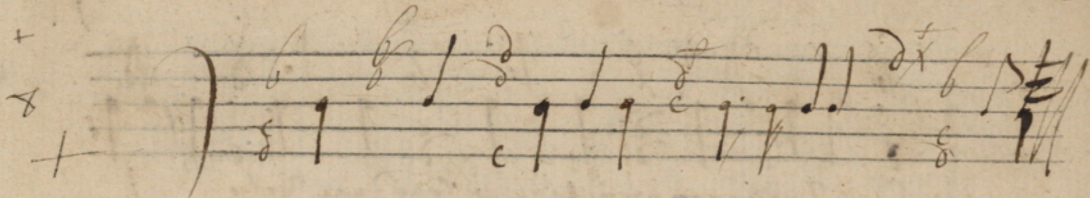


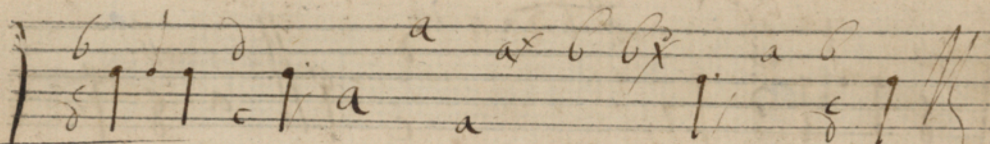
Gauotte d'anjou

Six Visages

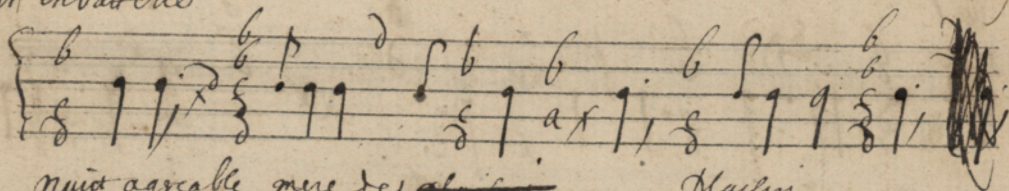
Grand Guempe

point du Guerre

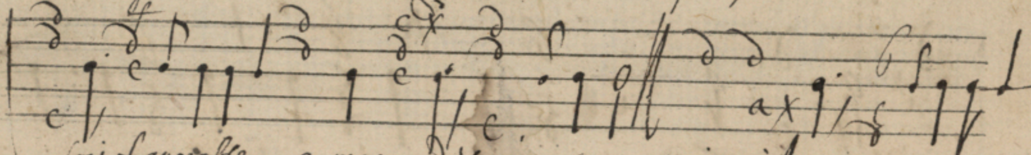




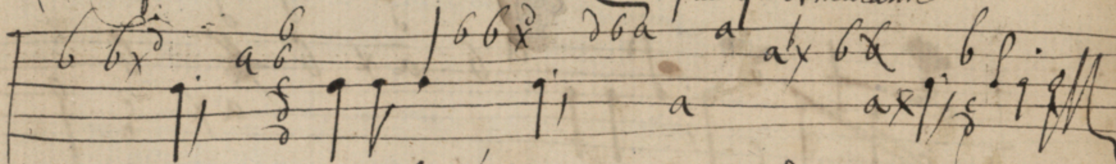
Air en batterie



Nuict agreable mere des ~~plaisirs~~ plaisirs

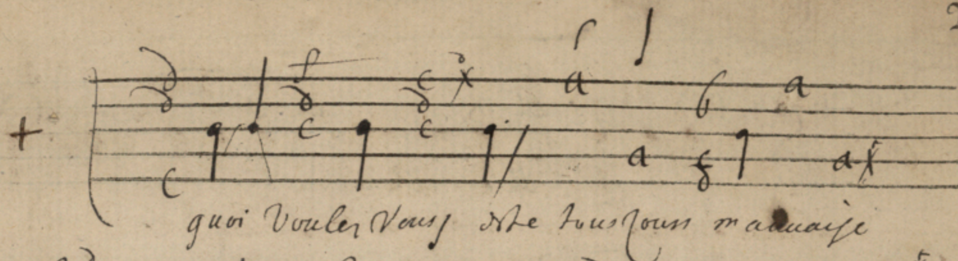


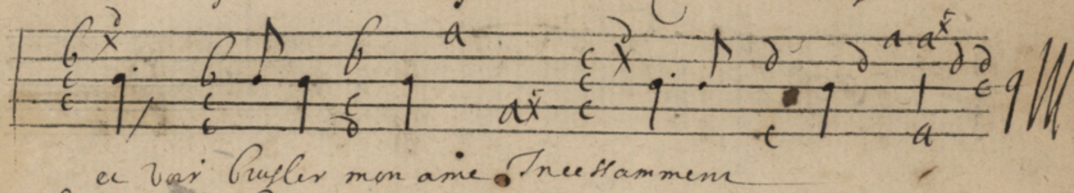
Sois fauorable a mes desirs puis qu'Amarante

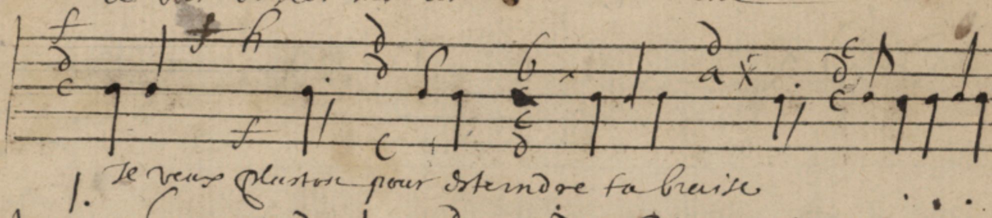


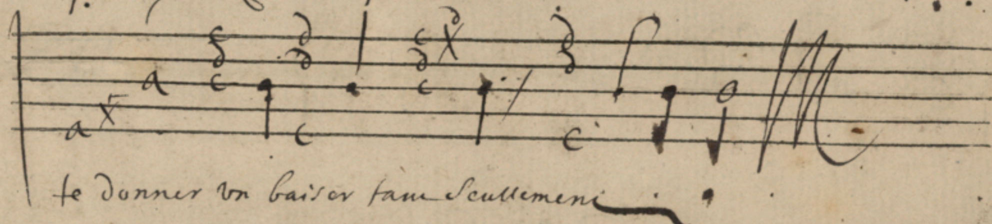
n'approuue pas qu'il se m'absente de ses doux appas

Lautre Iour en me promenant Le long dune valee









Ce ne seroit a mon mal qu'un relasche
Il faut venir au doux point de l'amour
Laissez cela sans mentir je me fasche
Vous me blessez que voila un bon tour

Entre vos bras ma tres chere maistresse
Je sens voler mon esprit dans les Cieux
et moi je suis ravi dans ton addresse
ho je me meurs au mal delicieux

reprise

commune
cour



